

The PRIMROSE PATH

NAN PATTERSON HAS FOLLOWED IT TO THE PRISON BARS.

Whether Innocent or Guilty of Murder She Is Paying the Penalty of a Life of So-Called Pleasure.

Attracted by the Glare of the Footlights She Forsakes Family and Friends for the Tinsel of the Stage—A Moral in Her Tragedy.



NAN PATTERSON.

New York.—From the Glare of the Footlights to the Gloom of a Cell in the Tombs, would be a fitting title to a story of the life of Nan Patterson, the former show girl, charged with the murder of Caesar Young, the well-known horseman and bookmaker.

Only a short step and a few brief moments from the stage with the plaudits of hundreds still ringing in her ears as she gaily danced in the famous "Floradora" sextette in the glare of the calcium, to the dismal depths of the prison, to be branded as a murderer by thousands and to hear the bitter and cutting words of the stern prosecutor as he laid bare the secrets of her past life.

Such, in brief, has been the experience of Nan Patterson, and it has turned her from a beautiful and care-free girl to a prematurely aged woman.

There are those who declare her innocent of the crime charged to her; say she is only an unfortunate victim of cir-

cumstances who is reaping the reward of a life generally and generously known as "fast."

Whether she is guilty or innocent of the murder of Young will probably never be positively known to any but her and her Maker. She has been brought before the earthly bar of Justice, where fifty and skillful lawyers have tried to fasten the crime on her while others have tried to free her, and the 12 men have been unable to agree.

Adopts Life of Stage.
Nan Patterson was quite well known among Broadway among theatrical people for several years before she so suddenly took the center of the stage. Among the profession though it was simply Nan Patterson.

She was born in Washington, D. C., the daughter of a minister, and was raised amid the religious surroundings of a Christian home. Always of a wild and wilful disposition, the simple life did not appeal to her. She was an uncommonly beautiful child, and the praise called forth by her good looks, as she grew older, turned her thoughts in directions wholly opposed to that intended for her by her parents, and before she was many years in her teens she went to New York and obtained a place in the chorus.

Stage life caused her to forget the religious training she had received. The glitter of the spangles and the gay life of the prior folk appealed to her, and she decided to become a great actress.

Surely there was nothing harmful behind the footlights, she thought. Fine clothes and a "good time" were to her thing.

She was handsome in face and form and it was not long before young scores of wealthy families and elderly men of means who haunt the "bald head" row began to haunt the stage door and make her acquaintance.

The flowers and champagne suppers they furnished were also not amiss. Jewels and gems were showered on her and more than one, smitten with her beauty, laid their hearts at her feet and begged her hand in marriage.

But she refused them all, and finally married a young man in the profession named Martin.

Her Meeting with Young.
The confining bonds of matrimony were evidently not to her liking, and when "Floradora," a musical comedy which had gained great popularity in London mainly through the famous sextette, was imported, she applied for and obtained a position in the front row.

The company was organized to tour the country, and was to extend to the Pacific coast. This gave her an opportunity to visit California, something she had always longed for.

It was on this trip that she met Young, whose tragic death has caused her so much misery and sorrow.

Young was a prominent and successful horseman and bookmaker. He had horses running on nearly all of the prominent tracks of the country, and was reputed to be worth half a million dollars.

Although a married man, he immediately fell a victim to the charms of the beautiful and vivacious show girl. On their arrival in San Francisco he installed her in a handsome flat in Oakland, across the bay, and for some months led a dual existence. Anything she wished for was at her command. During the trial it was shown that during their acquaintance he had given her thousands of dollars.

Leaves Stage for Young.
While on the coast she sued for a divorce from her husband at his suggestion, and also deserted the stage.

With all his faults, Young maintained an outward show of respectability, living in a pretentious home in an exclusive section of San Francisco. He had a certain respect for his wife, and when she discovered the double existence he had been leading, he was driven almost crazy by the exposure. With the recklessness of a man insane, he entered upon a long debauch, and lost a fortune on the block before he recovered himself.

According to his racing partner, he repeatedly tried to sever his unholy relations with the chorus girl, but his infatuation was too strong or his will power too weak, for he never succeeded, and she was his friend and companion to the day of his death.

Young began his career on the Pacific coast as a foot racer, and was said to have been one of the fastest runners that the world has ever known. From the cinder path he drifted to the race track, and his luck from the beginning was phenomenal.

Her Fatal Beauty.
Nan Patterson's beauty has been the cause of other troubles in which lives have been forfeited. An actor in another who had proposed to her became insane over her refusal and committed suicide in her presence. Another admirer of hers killed himself on the coast.

Nan Patterson remained in the west with Young until last spring. They visited the tracks at Los Angeles, Oakland and other prominent racing centers on the coast, and returned east in March for the first time since their meeting.

Young returned to the coast the following month, and it was but a few days before she was speeding westward in response to a telegram from him.

All this was brought out in the testimony at the celebrated trial. Seldom were they separated by a very great distance, and then only when it was unavoidable.

During all this time he tried to hide his relations with the Patterson girl

It was early next morning when they met again. After Young had several more drinks he entered a cab and started for the pier, where Young's wife was waiting him. It was at an hour when the streets were not very crowded. There was a pistol shot, and Young fell forward, his head in the girl's lap. He was dead, and a bullet had fulfilled its mission.

For some days an absolute silence prevailed. Then a flood of alleged eyewitnesses turned up. Their stories, however, could not stand investigation, and one after another they were cast aside as sensation seekers.

But there was one exception; an old man, Martin Hasleton, of Oneonta, N. Y. He saw the man and woman, their hands clasped and held face high, then a flash, a puff of smoke and the report of a revolver broke the stillness of the morning.

Hasleton was the most important witness placed on the stand by the defense, and the efforts of the prosecutor to shake his brief but vital testimony ended in failure.

Then the defendant herself went to the witness chair and told the whole story of her relations with Young. It was a trying ordeal—before the curious crowd in the courtroom—as she repeated the history of her life from the day she met the man who was to turn her life in tragedy's path to the fatal moment in the cab.

Finally the trial was completed, and the jury, after deliberating for 24 hours, declared they were unable to agree as to her guilt or innocence.

Story with a Moral.
This, in brief, is the story of the life of Nan Patterson, or that part of it that had an ultimate bearing on the death of Caesar Young, and the trial that has been a three times nine-days' talk in New York and probably throughout the country.

Little did she suspect when she embarked upon her theatrical career and her life of pleasure and gaiety of the tragic ending and the accompanying sorrow and pain in store for her, or she would have undoubtedly reconsidered the matter.

Although one young and wayward girl has clearly paid the price of her folly, the case has served to point a moral to others that the snares and pitfalls of the innocent maiden behind the footlights are many, and more than one, unable to stand the temptations offered, has partaken of the fatal apple.

To the uninitiated, the Primrose Path means a life of pleasure, of ease and



FOLLOWING THE PRIMROSE PATH

from his wife. His friends and relatives pleaded with him to give up the show girl, and finally induced him to agree to take a trip to Europe, where they hoped she could or would not follow, and where he might forget her.

The Fatal Shooting.
It was on the morning that he was about to leave, on Saturday, June 4, that the tragedy occurred. He had seen her the evening previous, told her of his proposed trip and, according to her story, had asked her to follow and meet him in London. She had given him an indefinite answer, but had agreed to meet him the next morning and see him off. They had sent a night of carousal and drinking, and Young was considerably under the influence of the liquor when he finally left her at her sister's home and returned to his

apartment, strewn with roses red, but to Nan Patterson the glamour has been removed, and it is streaked with the life blood of Caesar Young.

Truly Wild and Woolly.
Portland, Ore.—Visitors to the Lewis and Clark exposition in Portland next year will not "take in the Midway" nor "go down the pike." They will "hit the trail."

For a Bible, \$5,250.
London.—Robert Burns' family Bible, containing interesting family entries, was sold at auction here for \$5,250. The purchaser was a London dealer.

Tax Theater Passes.
San Francisco has adopted the plan of taxing each theater pass ten cents for the benefit of the Actors' Home.

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ANIMALS GO ON STRIKE.

Even the rabbit is a hardened striker. In rabbit colonies the stronger rabbits do most of the burrowing and as often as perhaps once in two years these become discontented and refuse to work.

A species of black ants have little yellow ants which do most of their work for them. Occasionally the yellow species will go on a strike. Their food supply is cut off, but if that does not avail the strikers are attacked or another lot of yellow ants are secured.

Both birds and beasts occasionally go on strike, according to observers. A herd of horses will bunch together, neglect their food, become restive, neigh and rub noses when in a field. The outcome is that the herd will not allow themselves to be saddled or harnessed and will chase and attempt to kick the attendants. Female birds take tantrums and refuse to do the housework. They desert their nests and leave their eggs to become cold and barren. The male naturally becomes greatly concerned, but with the bird and beast creation the male will never attack the female, so there is no remedy. Warriors and starlings are given greatly to these strikes.

Telling the Truth.
Bill—Did you have your head shot when you were a lad?
Jill—No, not my head—Yoursers' Stationer.

Trapped.
Rhyme—I see you are mentioned in one of the books just published.
Prime—Indeed! What book?
"The directory."—Cassell's.

HABIT'S CHAIN.

Certain Habits Unconsciously Formed and Hard to Break.

An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a life-long habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a forlorn hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town:

"From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee. Before I was out of my teens I was a miserable dyspeptic, suffering terribly at times with my stomach."

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and yet I could not deny myself a cup for breakfast. At the age of 36 I was in very poor health. Indeed, my sister told me I was in danger of becoming a coffee drunkard."

"But I never could give up drinking coffee for breakfast although it kept me constantly ill, until I tried Postum. I learned to make it properly according to directions, and now we can hardly do without Postum for breakfast, and care nothing at all for coffee."

"I am no longer troubled with dyspepsia, do not have spells of suffering with my stomach that used to trouble me so when I drank coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



DEATH OF CAESAR YOUNG.